

Hello;
These are words of Petulance.

And now the moon burns a black
smear in the sky, toxic. The
horizon is bloated orange,
infected with death.

And the Terror, distilled into a horrible
tangible, not unlike a crushing
stone upon the chest, will whisper
a secret. Terror will make
a feast of your mind. Terror will kill the
self you wish would remain.

I don't know what this is.

I don't know where it's
coming from

but it's getting closer.

I can feel it. My chest
tightens. I gasp awake
from uneasy sleep.

Where will I be when it comes?
Will I stand straight up? Will I cower?
Will I let it rip me apart?

I am not a kind person.
I do not help. I crumble
when I am tested, and I
almost always fail.

It is coming, festering
with disease. The wind carries it
across the open sky and sweeps it
across the horizon.

One day, I will stand up
against the force of my
transgressions. One day
it will find me.

But today is not that day.

I can feel myself slipping.
Every night I become something worse.

I slip back inside these lies.
Nestle back into the comfort
of unkindness.

I know one day,
I will face the terror.
I will scream to god,
but no god will answer.

Because there is a tiny god inside of me.

He is petulant. He is screaming.
He will crumble when he is
hit by the light.

You will not have a sweeping
narrative arch towards salvation. You will die
weak and diseased.

Every morning
is birthed from the
corpse
of yesterday.

A hollow thing, pained and stupid.
The real terror is doing it again.

And again. Rise. Again.

This body has been made frail and stupid. This mind is
cruel, lashing.
These fangs are always bared.

And all dreams are terror.
All history is violence.
I, always choosing fear,
let myself become worse.

You take to violence as if you were born for it.

And with every small
movement

You make this world
infinitely worse.

What do you know of torment? From the
first hour of this cursed
earth I have been chased
by some unseen terror. The
last scared minute approaches.
I am numb. I am scared. What do
you know of the terror? Does it
haunt you?

Will you be destroyed?

I watched heaven empty out.
I watched the last hour of the world
play out over the wrecked earth.

I saw the final heat and steam crack the sky.

And I watched the Terror take you.

You were screaming.
You were afraid.

In my desperate attempt to survive this horror
I have made many mistakes and trampled many
others. I am not sorry. I will be destroyed.

And I felt as if a great weight
Had been lifted off of me. What sort of
fool am I? The Terror
slips into the deepest parts of the mind,
make a home, a nest,
and washes over the soul whenever it pleases.
And I was happy, as if i had forgotten,
like a true fool,

A foul thing unaware of the rancid sin
it creates by
the mere fact of its
continued existence.

You are only as good as your worse impulse.

History is terror.

You have mythologized me very well.

And we were trapped in a place
Where we could not survive.

So we bared our fangs and killed the light.

We were creatures of pain.
I am not sorry for destroying
The only beauty left in this world.

The great naivety was thinking I could have a redemption arc.
That somehow I could wipe the sin clean and become a better person.

Sin eats away at the soul, corrupts the mind, turns angry and lashes
against the body. My body has become a crumbling pillar of dust
and there has been no journey towards light.

There has only been
sin

and remorse, sure, but no sweeping acquittal, no act of goodness
so strong as to cleanse the darkness inside of the self
that grows with every day,
born from the depravity
of the harm of the past.

WHO CAN RELATE TO THE
FESTERING ILLNESS?
TERMINAL VELOCITY, THE
ONLY LOGICAL END.
NORMALIZE DESTRUCTION
BECOME THE VOID. FACE
THE DECONSTRUCTION OF THE SELF.
WHO CAN RELATE TO THE WANT TO END
THE SELF BEFORE THE SELF CAN DO MORE HARM
THE SELF WAS MADE TO HURT THE OTHER, THE KIND OTHER.
THE ILLNESS HAS RUN THROUGH THE SYSTEM.
THE ALARMS ARE BLARING
ERRORS.

We followed the hearse across the bridge, greased with snow,
A long motorcade snaking behind us. Inside the coffin, his burned, stabbed,
Murdered, desecrated body lay.

I knew there was no peace left in the world.
He had died and could not be saved. He had been set upon by a pain
That he did not deserve, a gruesomeness incomparable to the life that he led.
He didn't deserve a death like that, terrified, bleeding.

I deserve the pain I feel.
I should be happy to die like him, alone. He deserves to have someone feel like he did.
I will lay myself at the altar of my shame. I will bloodlet

And die, impure liquid drained from my body. My body may as well be paper, weak and stupid,
Frail, illogical, defying sense.

My soul is a construct that has been burned; a black, ashy soot. I will not remain.

The body knows the score, each like a stone upon the chest.
Eventually I will become hated.
Eventually, you will know the true extent of my transgressions.
In my attempt to escape the terrible things that happened to me,
I inflicted a terrible pain upon others.
But there is no escape.

The score is kept and the wind moves across the water onward, towards the collapse.

I have spent my days surrounded by
decadence. I have lived for myself. I have
sacrificed very little. It is too late for me. This
heaping pile of gross sin. This bag of flesh and
petulance. Maybe you could take a final ride out,
run against the bloated wind sweeping
across the horizon, run against the pull of pain
that drew me into a life of anger and fear.
You will not make it. You will be claimed. But you can
try. You can be better than I was.

They will try to help you. You
will lash out against them.
Alone, crumbling into
yourself, you will realize you
do not deserve kindness. It
is better, always, to be alone.

We deserve the pain we feel. The bloated
earth boils and throes. Long after we are
scorched and ripped apart, the great
engine of this world will sputter and die.
where will you be when you die? Do you
Dream, nightmares vivid and breathless?
Will you fight for the puny construct that
named itself a "self" ? Will you submit to
The terrible pull of the world's last hour?

How have you transgressed?
Have you kept a score?
Will you lash out against the terror
when it comes?
Do you know the failings? Do you
understand the hurt you
have caused?

I have seen the end, painted
on the last hour of the world
a rotting heap of sin. I saw
myself, afraid, cowering,
moments before the screeching, the torn flesh, the
self destroyed by the Terror.

A body, a heaping ruin, a ritual sacrifice.
Time will take
from you,
strip the flesh from your bone,
slowly crush you, stone to chest
deserving,
the final enemy to be destroyed is the putrid self.

When we ask for death, these dread poets line up for slaughter.
The poet wants to die because he is weak.

He spends all
his time cataloguing absurdity and terror, rolls over on his back when confronted with the threat
of death.
The poet retreats into
his memes because he is a slobbering fool.

There is a tiny God inside of you.
He is Petulant. He is screaming.

This earth is cracked and diseased.
My body is pathetic and weak.
You were the only light worth keeping.

Goodnight.

I do not scream for you.
I scream for myself
I am a selfish coward
I will thrash about
and hurt you.
I will hurt you if you leave me.

The machine is broken. The game
is over. It is time to go home.
It is time to leave.

I will not remain in this empty place.

I am chained by this
Gross, failing
mess I call a body.

I am propelled by this obscene motor I call a soul.

How far will you stray from the light? How much pain will you inflict on others? Will you learn to be kind? Will you help?

You will find no logic here.

Only fear, petulance, and
unwavering destruction.

I did not find my way home. I was
consumed by greed and fear. I was
not pure. I was destroyed. Do not pity me.
I cannot be saved.

When the moon is long and dark you wont see it through the trees.

It will come.

It is coming.

It will put out your light.

It will destroy the soul of the thing that you are.

The true defeat.

The only defeat that matters.

NO,
DEATH
WILL NOT
BE KIND TO YOU

One day,
When the terror races across the sky,
You will call out to those you lashed out against.

You will plead and plead and they will give you no
refuge or forgiveness. You deserve complete destruction.
You will feel it. You will feel the end.

Faith? I once had faith. Before I was greeted
By the Terror I had plenty of faith. When I was
Tested, I crumbled apart in a gross mess of transgression and sin.
There is no steadfast truth, no redemption offered.
I will lash against the dark until I am claimed by it.

I wish that I could
Say
I fought to stay pure.
I wish I could say
I fought to save you.

I fought only because I was terrified.
I fought to remain.
I am a broken coward.

I want to become the best possible version of myself.

I want to become a memory,
fading fast.

Will you fight it? Will you let the terror claim you?
The terror will come to you.
When you are drinking,
When you are sleeping,
When you are pretending it is not there.

All I want is to be kind.
To be pure.
But I am not kind.
I am not pure.
I have let the terror win
And I will pay for my transgressions.

You deserve to fall into the deep dark,
you deserve to be lost. You do
not deserve to be saved. You
should stop wailing. You should stop pleading.
it is unbecoming.
Face ur terror with
some dignity, you petulant child.

You will be lost forever.
The low sun will not light up the sky
and guide you home.

You are diseased.
It is too late,
and you are too far gone.

Soon you will be destroyed.
you could have been cured
if you tried to be good. To be kind.
to be pure.
But you clung to your
petulance and you crushed many others.

I fill my days with
Empty jokes, vapid laughs.

When night comes
I am alone and the terror sets.

I lash out against it, desperately clinging to my cursed life
And alienating those that I love.

But I would like to thank you. Though I drove you away with my petulance and greed, I miss you
very much.

Though I hate to admit it, you were once my only light.

All that remains is a perpetual, deep sadness. I have let the Terror win. I have gifted my soul to the forever pain. I will never sleep soundly again, in this life or the next.

I am broken, faded and weak
but i still let the light shine thru sometimes.

I will lash
Out against
The perpetual
Terror.

In my desperation
I will destroy myself
Completely.

You act as if this life
Is a kind gift from a loving
father
but the terror still
festers inside you

I no longer seek comfort.
I know it will not come.
I will remain
Unsettled and terrified
until I am claimed by the void

You will take the easy way. You will fuck it up
you will crumble in the light.

